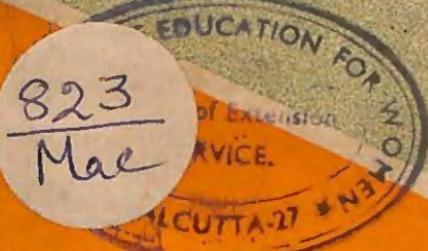


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JENNY AND THE OLD
HORSE AND
ANOTHER OLD
HORSE



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JENNY AND THE OLD HORSE

Oh, what a great big horse it was that drew the dust-cart! He seemed as big as an elephant as he stood in the street outside Aunt Ellen's little house. Jenny ran to the door to look at him.

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“Why do you have a horse?” she asked the dustman. “In the street where I live they bring a big motor thing to take away the rubbish. My Daddy says that motors are better than horses.”

“I don’t think so,” said the dustman as he bumped down the ash-bin. “I like my old horse. He knows a thing or two, my old horse does, and I wouldn’t give him up for the finest motor-van you could buy me.”

“Is he an extra clever horse, then?” Jenny asked. “Can he do tricks?”

“Well,” the dustman said, “he isn’t exactly a circus horse, if that is what you mean. But he knows all the streets we visit and just where to



stop and when to move on. The way he will back the cart into place at the rubbish-tip would be a lesson to any motor-van. There is a lady at one of the houses we go to who thinks a lot of my old horse. She comes out nearly every time we call

to give him a bit of bread. He knows! He looks out for that lady, I can tell you! It is quite a job to get him to move on if she doesn't come out."

The horse thought it was now time to go on to his next stopping place, so he jerked the cart and stamped with his great hairy hoof.

"Whoa!" said the dustman. "There, you see! He's telling me that I mustn't stand about gossiping with little girls. Keeps me in order, my old Donald does."

"Donald?" said Jenny. "Is that his name? Oh, please make him wait! I should love to give him some bread; then he will get to know me too. May I, please?"



“Yes, if you’re quick,” said the dustman.

So Jenny ran indoors to Aunt Ellen, who cut her a big crust off the loaf. When she ran out again the horse seemed to be so enormous that she almost wished she hadn’t said anything about the bread. Now she must put her little hand right up to his mouth. Supposing he bit it by mistake!

"You must do it like this," the dustman said, and he took the crust and tore a piece off. Then he laid it on the palm of his hand, which he kept quite flat, and held it under the horse's nose.

The horse snuffed at the bread through his great nose and then he scooped it up quite gently with his soft lip.

"Now it is your turn to give him a piece," the dustman said.

Jenny put the bread on her hand and held it out, but she felt afraid and didn't hold it quite close enough. The horse reached out and wobbled his lip so funnily that she couldn't help laughing. But as he couldn't quite reach the bread he took a step



forward, and that made Jenny jump back in alarm.

“Now, now!” said the dustman. “He isn’t going to hurt you, my dear! You hold it right up to his nose.”

He put his hand under Jenny’s and held it in place so that the horse could take the bread.

“There’s a brave girl!” he said.

“Ooh, he does tickle,” said Jenny, as the horse wobbled his great lip over her hand and scooped up the bread. But she felt much pleased and very proud of herself.

“Did you see?” she called to her Aunt Ellen, who was watching from the doorway. “Did you see the old horse take the bread off my hand?”

After that Jenny always gave old Donald a piece of bread when he came, and sometimes a lump of sugar as well. She got quite used to him and wasn’t afraid any more. She loved to stroke his nose, which was as soft as velvet.

Aunt Ellen was looking after Jenny because her mother was ill. She had to stop in bed and be kept very



quiet. Aunt Florrie was staying in Jenny's home to nurse her Mother and to get her Daddy his meals.

One morning when Jenny was out shopping with Aunt Ellen, they came upon old Donald and the dust-cart standing in the street near the grocer's shop.

“Look, Aunt Ellen, it's Donald!” Jenny cried. Donald knew her

voice at once, and he tossed his head, making all the brass ornaments on his harness jingle and flash. Then he swung his great head round to see where she was.

“Well, I never!” said the grocer, who was standing at the door of his shop. “That horse knows his name all right!”

“He knows me too,” said Jenny proudly. “I give him bread and sugar when he comes for the rubbish.”

“Would you like to give him a lump of sugar now?” asked the grocer; and he went into the shop and fetched two or three lumps.

“Oh, thank you!” Jenny cried. “Look, Donald. Here’s a treat!”



She laid the sugar on her hand as the dustman had taught her, for Donald to take. Donald scrunched it up and then he stretched out his nose to be stroked.

Jenny's home and Aunt Ellen's house were both in the same town, so Jenny could go to see her Mother very often. But it was quite a long

way in a bus, for the town was a big one. The fare was threepence each way.

One day, when Jenny's Mother was beginning to get much better, her Daddy had time to take her to the bus, and he bought her a comic picture paper to read on the way back to Aunt Ellen's. Jenny felt very important. She opened her paper like all the grown-up passengers in the bus. She soon became so busy looking at the funny pictures and reading the stories, that she quite forgot where she was.

Suddenly she heard the conductor's usual shout—"Here you are, my dear!"

Jenny jumped up in a fluster

and hurried off the bus without waiting to be helped. She noticed nothing wrong for a moment. Then she stopped suddenly and looked about her. She saw, to her alarm, that she was in a strange street, and not at Aunt Ellen's corner at all! She turned round in a great hurry to get back on to the bus again. She was just too late. The bus was moving rapidly away!



The conductor had not seen her go. When he called, "Here you are, my dear," he was really speaking to a little boy farther down the bus. Jenny saw him now as he walked away. "Oh, dear," she thought, "the conductor was speaking to that little boy and not to me at all!" She felt very foolish. She had no more pennies. There was nothing for it now but to walk all the rest of the way. Tucking her picture paper under her arm, she set off along the crowded pavement, following the road of the bus.

Every minute she expected to see shops that she knew. But no, all was quite strange, and soon her legs began to get tired.



"I'm sure I've never come along here in the bus," she thought. "I must have gone the wrong way." She turned and began to hurry back the way she had come. Then she couldn't be sure which turning she had taken. She tried first one, then another. Poor Jenny was ready to cry.

“Oh, dear,” she thought. “I do believe I’m quite lost now, and I’m so dreadfully tired!” When at last she did come to a broad, busy street again, she found a tremendous hubbub going on in it. There was a crowd of people jostling each other on the pavement and cheering, while a procession was marching along in the middle of the roadway.

Poor Jenny stopped. What should she do? Behind her were those gloomy, deserted streets. Before her was this jostling crowd. Then all of a sudden there was a loud clattering noise close by. A woman screamed and gave Jenny a great push, making her stumble and fall. Whatever could be happening!

A well-known voice was shouting,
“Hey! Whoa there! Get back!”

As she rolled over, Jenny saw two huge hairy feet beside her on the pavement. For a moment she was filled with terror; then, in an instant, her terror vanished, for stooping towards her was Donald's enormous face! He was gently wobbling his lip and asking her, “Give me a lump



of sugar, please, or a nice piece of bread."

The dustman, who was leading his old horse home from the shoeing-smith, had not seen Jenny, but Donald had seen her, and he thought, "Ha! There's my little friend! How nice! Bread? Sugar?" So when the dustman had to wait while the procession went by, Donald tried to reach her by stepping on to the pavement.

"Why! It's Donald's little friend!" exclaimed the dustman. But the woman didn't understand at all.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, mister!" she cried, "to let that great animal come up on the pave-



ment snapping at children!"

"I like that!" said the dustman.

"He wasn't snapping—never snapped in his life! He was only saying 'how-de-do' to a friend."

"Ho!" said the woman. "Well, I shouldn't care to have cart-horses saying 'how-de-do' to me, I know." With that she went on her way.

“She pushed me over!” said Jenny in a hurt voice. “And she wasn’t a bit sorry!”

“Haw! haw! haw!” laughed the dustman. “She was only trying to save you from Donald. Thought the old horse meant to eat you up. What a joke! But what brings you here? Where’s your Auntie?”

Jenny told him all that had happened.

“Well, well,” said the dustman. “I reckon the old horse had better carry you home on his back, since it was he who found you. Would you be afraid of sitting up there on his back?”

“Oh no! I couldn’t be afraid of riding on old Donald’s back,” said



Jenny in great delight. "What a surprise for Aunt Ellen!"

So the dustman lifted her up and told her to sit tight and hold on to Donald's mane.

Off they went, the dustman leading his steady old horse until at last they came to the well-known turning.

Aunt Ellen was standing at the corner. Bus after bus had gone past with no Jenny on board, so now she was dreadfully worried.

“Aunt Ellen! Hi! Look! Here I am!” Jenny shouted.

Aunt Ellen heard her little niece’s voice and looked about, but there was no Jenny on the pavement. Then she saw her perched up on the great cart-horse’s back.

“Oh my goodness me!” she cried. “What ever are you doing up there?”

“She’s all right, Mum, don’t you worry,” said the dustman, as he helped Jenny down. “She missed her way so Donald has given her a ride home.”



“Missed your way?” exclaimed Aunt Ellen. “Oh dear, dear! Tell me what it all means.”

But Jenny wouldn’t explain anything until she had run into the house to fetch Donald a big piece of bread and six lumps of sugar.

to live as best he could. In the summer the hot sun beat down on him, for there were no trees to provide shade, and the flies teased him without mercy. In the winter, poor Rufus nearly froze to death, besides being terribly hungry. Luckily, children loved to feed him, so he didn't quite starve.

Near the field where Rufus had been put was a bell-tower. From this tower hung a long rope, and if any man wanted justice to be done to him, he rang the bell. The rope was old and had worn away, and someone had tied a piece of grape-vine on the end to make it longer.

There came one winter day when all the grass was covered with snow.



Poor Rufus thought that he would never be able to live through the day, for there was nothing to eat. Suddenly he saw the grape-vine hanging from the rope. Eagerly he hurried towards it and began to eat it, and of course, as he tugged hungrily at the vine, the bell of justice rang.

ANOTHER OLD HORSE

There was once a farmer who owned a great deal of land and many animals. For years he and his sons had worked hard, digging, ploughing and planting until the land grew fine crops and the farmer became a rich man. He had many horses to draw the big ploughs and bring home the harvest, but there was one called Rufus who had served him more faithfully than any of the others. When the farmer had been poor, with only a few fields, Rufus had done all the work for him. Now he was rich and had ten horses, all of them stronger and finer than old Rufus. And, since the farmer



wished to become even richer, he forgot what a faithful servant Rufus had been, so he called his groom.

“I really cannot waste good food and shelter on a useless old bag of bones like this!” he said. “He must be turned out, and I’ll buy a good hard-working animal in his place.”

So the poor old horse was turned out into an open field, where he had

The Governor, who was just sitting down to his dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, heard the bell.

“Well!” he said in a loud voice. “Whoever wants justice done to him on a freezing day like this? And just as I was going to have my dinner, too! It really is too bad.”

But when he found out who had rung the bell and why, he ordered justice to be done to the horse at once. The farmer was called before him and ordered to pay much money for being so unkind. Then Rufus was given a big stall in the Governor’s own stables, and for the rest of his life he lived on oats and hay.

EXERCISES

JENNY AND THE OLD HORSE

1. Why did the dustman think that his horse was better than a motor-van?
2. What is the best way to give sugar to a horse?
3. How did Jenny get home after she was lost?

ANOTHER OLD HORSE

1. Why did the farmer turn Rufus into the fields?
2. What was the bell of justice?

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and JENNY IN THE BLACKBERRY PIT.
- 3B. JENNY AND THE SWALLOWS.
- 4B. ALICE AND THE WHITE RABBIT
and OTHER STORIES.
- 5B. ALICE AND THE DEAR LITTLE PUPPY
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- 8B. THE MAGIC WALKING-STICK
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- 13B. JACOB'S BIRTHDAY BREAKFAST
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and HOW THE WOOD-PIGEON BUILT HER NEST.
- 15B. THE SILVER FISH and THE STOWAWAY.
- 16B. THE SURPRISING SEED.

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